

Will the supprises never end?

by darkuriel

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Summary: A year after the second movie another problem arise for Hiccup and Astrid to face. with the help of a warrior orphan Hiccup will have to face enemies on nearly every front. Rated T for mild violence and language maybe M for later chapters.

Hiccup/Astrid/OC

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys so this story takes place about a year after the second movie and Hiccup has distinguish himself as a reliable chief for Berk but the other tribe have a problem. This story has only information that is provided in the two movies and nowhere else. Ok that may be a lie because I googled a dragon but the dragon is mention in the first movie. For those who are annoyed with me at the lack of posting for my others stories, have no fear. Just a little more tweaking on my part and they'll be ready. I will make an effort to make more frequent postings in the future. Enjoy, R&R. Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD 1&2 just the plot and a few OCs****

"Dragons are a threat that needs to be dealt with!"

Hiccup sat in his council chair listening to all the other Viking chiefs argue about their issues. From what Hiccup could discern, that most others tribes were still having dragon problems. All except one; the chieftain of this tribe was young man barely older than himself, playing with the blade of one of his swords.

"What about you Chief Haddock? What say you on this matter?" a bulky black haired chief asked. Hiccup stumbled; he couldn't tell these war hungry chiefs that his village was living in harmony with dragons. Hel, his own dragon was eating fish in some cave on the other side of the mountain.

"I think that Berk has its own problems to deal with." The young man spoke up. All the other chiefs looked surprised as they turned to look at the boy. He went from reclining to sitting forward in his

seat with an interesting look on his face. His startling blue eyes shone from underneath silky blonde hair, a smug grin on his face gave him a sinister look.

"We all know that you have found a way to control the beasts Stormrider." This bit of information was new to Hiccup. For all he knew, Berk was the only village to have dragons. The boy laughed; it was a sinister sound.

"No one can control dragons, Stonefist." There was a rumbling noise that came from behind Stormrider's chair, "I have merely taught my people that there are ways to befriend dragons."

"Lair!" the Stonefist guy roared as he shot to his feet, axe in hand. The boy's eyes hardened and he made a rumbling noise in the back of his throat.

"I have not!" his statement was backed by a growl and a pair of purplish yellow eyes shining in the dark behind Stormrider's chair. Everyone gasped and Stonefist fell back in his chair.

"I have done nothing to provoke your anger or your hostility. I have done nothing but been helpful to the other tribes. Had I not show you way to defend yourselves; I would be walking in the ashes of your villages as we speak!"

Hiccup looked at the other chieftains as they mumble to themselves. He personally knew nothing of this person though he could recall his father mumbling angrily about storms two years back but at the time he didn't care. He listened to the Stonefist person call for war against Stormrider.

"I do not think you have the man power to take on Stormrider and his blades of lightning." A black haired man said. Hiccup eyed him carefully; this particular man seemed more intelligent than the other battle hungry men here. Stormrider nodded respectfully to the man, but what the man said next made a shot of adrenaline flare through Hiccup's veins.

"I hear that Berk live in harmony with the dangerous beast as well."

The other chieftains looked at Hiccup with a fire; Stonefist's was the worst.

"I think those who are in league with dragons need to be wiped out along with the beast themselves!" Stonefist proposed to the gathered men. Stormrider shot to his feet; Hiccup noticed that there were wood scabbards strapped to Stormrider's legs.

"Are you really that stupid Stonefist? What makes you think you can beat dragon riders if you can't beat dragons by themselves?" Hiccup didn't like were Stormrider was going with this but he saw no flaw in his logic.

"We've all seen what threat dragon riders are," Stonefist said to the council, "Drago Bludfist is a prime example. He subjugated the creatures and planned to take over all the tribes."

Hiccup banished memories of the crazed madman and the sorrow that

followed. He did not wish to see that ghost brought back to life but there was something he needed to know first.

"Are you declaring war?" Hiccup was surprised at how steady and forceful his voice sounded to his own ears.

"Against Berk? Yesâ€¦I do believe I am." As soon as those words left Stonefist's mouth, Stormrider burst into laughter. The head of a Skrill emerged from the darkness. Lightning arced across the reptile's scales in a threatening manner.

"Are you saying that you're too afraid to challenge me but not afraid to challenge the son of Stoick the Vast?"

Stonefist looked at the black haired man for a second before turning to Stormrider, "No, your village is no longer a threat."

As if it was rehearsed, a tall brunette burst into the council room. Hiccup took in her injuries first. Blood was pouring blood out of a cut on her shoulder; her shirt was cut at the abdomen and red liquid trickled between her fingers. The council gasped at the torn girl but Stormrider had the biggest reaction.

"Helen!" he yelled as he launched himself from the chair, vaulted over the fire and gently help the girl to the ground.

"Helenâ€¦Helen, talk to me! What happened? Where's Helga! HELEN!" Stormrider was getting hysterical. The girl seemed to waver between this world and unconsciousness. Hiccup left his seat to help check the girl over; on his way, there was no mistaking the look on the black haired man and Stonefist.

"Get your dragon and prepare Berk for war." Stormrider whispered to him as Hiccup kneeled down next to him. Hiccup snuck a confused look at the boy. There was a scared look in his eyes and Hiccup realized that Stormrider was no longer in control of the situation and it scared him. Hiccup gave the smallest nod he could manage and hope Stormrider noticed.

"Storm." Stormrider called out. The Skrill walked over to Stormrider's side. Hiccup suddenly understood Stormrider's name. He was quite literally the rider of Storm. Storm the Dragon.

Stormrider whispered something to the dragon before he stood up. Storm spread his wings, grabbed the girl and flew through the door, disappearing into the fading light.

Hiccup watched Stormrider stand up and slowly drew his swords from the leg sheathes. Each blade was single edged and had the slightest curve to it; it was, for the lack of a better word, elegant. These blades reflected every battle Stormrider has won and Hiccup could practically see the bloodlust in the blades.

"Chief Hiccup Haddock, I suggest that you leave to warn your people of the incoming danger." Hiccup raised an eyebrow; not at the words but the tone which delivered the words. It was dark and deadly, this was the voice of a well-seasoned warrior, one who has seen countless battles and ended numerous lives.

"I don't think you're going anywhere boys." Stonefist chuckled. Five Vikings stepped in between the chairs and closed in on Hiccup and Stormrider. Hiccup reached for his fire sword but Stormrider motioned for him to stop.

"I'll cover your retreat. Just make sure you survive." Hiccup understood what he was trying to do. This complete stranger was going to risk his life to make sure that Hiccup had a chance to prepare his home for survival. Sending silent thanks, Hiccup speed out the doors leaving the sound of men fighting and dying behind. It didn't take long for Hiccup to run around the mountain and slid down the slope to the beach where the cave was located. Toothless bound out of his cave and bounced around Hiccup. Hiccup ignored his dragon's happy attitude; quickly mounted and tried to take off but several men came out of the surrounding brush and surrounded the two of them.

"You're not going anywhere little boy." One of the men taunted. Hiccup smiled.

"Toothless, up."

Toothless spread his wings and shot up into the air. There were several shouts as Hiccup and Toothless sped into the night sky. He decided that he would ride through the night, not making any stops on the way. With one last look at the Island of the Great Chiefs, Hiccup prayed to the Gods that Stormrider would make it out alive.

****Several hours later in the early morning****

Hiccup landed in front of his house. He couldn't help but think about how he ran from the problem. He probably could have helped Stormrider end the problem right there. He walked through the front door of his house and into the fist of his very annoyed girlfriend. She glared angrily at him as he worked his jaw. Her blue eyes caught the fire light and her blonde hair braided and fist poised for another blow.

"What in Odin's name are you doing back?!" She asked. Hiccup saw his mother looking at him with a concerned look. Hiccup in an effort to not be hit again asked her the first thing on his mind.

"What do you know of a man named Stormrider, Mother?"

Astrid paused and looked at Valka as she pondered her son's question.

"Raknar Stormrider is one of the staunchest defenders of dragon that has an entire tribe to back his belief." Her answer gave Hiccup very little comfort but there another thing on his mind as well.

"Did a young girl, brown hair arrive on a Skrill some time ago?"

Astrid paused in surprised, "Yeah. How'd you know?"

Hiccup sighed. So Stormrider did plan on coming to Berk; that was good. Hiccup would need his help. Out of nowhere, Astrid pulled him in for a soul warming kiss. Hiccup relaxed as his lost himself to his love's embrace; only the soft cough of his mother pulled them apart.

Blushing furiously, Hiccup made his way up to second floor when Valka asked him a question,

"Why are you back so early son?"

Hiccup managed one sentence before collapsing in exhaustion.

"We are at war."

Hiccup didn't even feel the stairs as darkness claimed him.

2. Chapter 2- a sleep deprived boyfriend

Ok so this chapter is up so fast because I got bored and had all day to work on it. To answer the one review I got. Yes this will end as a Hiccstrid. I believe that those two are at a point in their relationship where they realize that they truly love each other but will still get jealous over some things. (points not so subtly at Astrid) anyway have a good time and enjoy. Don't forget to review, favorite, follow. Disclaimer: I own the plot and some OC but the franchise itself is not mine and sadly never will be.

Hiccup slowly came back to the world of the living. His sleep was plagued with dreams of one woman; dreams where she would be taken away in a blast of ice.

"Astrid!" Hiccup cried out as he shot straight up in his bed. His leg ached and a callused hand had a tight grip on his hand. In an instant his arm found their way around her and pulled her close. Burying his head in to her hair, Hiccup tried to keep the tears hidden from his girlfriend's sight. He was the Chief; he couldn't be seen as weak and hopeless but there was a war coming. Not one he knew how to deal with and for all he knew there were already casualties.

"Shh. I'm here Hiccup. They can't reach you here." Hiccup calmed down marginally at her reassurance. His arms fell limp by his side as his head remained on her shoulder.

"What am I going to do?" he whispered. He honestly didn't know if he could wage war against humans; he could only kill fish and chickens.

"What's coming Hiccup? What has you so scared?" Hiccup flinched. Was he really that transparent? Could he not keep secrets from anyone? Hiccup reluctantly left Astrid's embrace and looked into her blue eyes. Hiccup couldn't help but compare them to Stormrider's eyes; they were almost the same color Astrid's lack the same intensity when she was angry. Granted Hiccup had seen her angry but it wasn't the cold and heartless flame that Stormrider's held. It was passionate and forceful; the fire of a true Viking. Speaking of Vikings,

"You know battle tactics and war maneuvers right?"

(Point of view change)

Astrid was taken aback. She wasn't really expecting how fast Hiccup's demeanor change. Barely a moment ago, he was calling out her name in his sleep. This had two very different effects on her; for one she was flattered that he dreamt of her but she also felt guilty that she

was usually involve with nightmares. It took a moment for his question to settle in.

"Yes." she said slowly. Hiccup nodded; he swung his legs over the edge of the bed and stood up on wobbly legs. Astrid stood up next to him and wrapped an arm around his waist to steady him. Unconsciously Hiccup put an arm around her neck and place a chaste kiss on her cheek. Together they made their way down the stair to be greeted by Valka, Gobber and the injured girl that arrived yesterday.

"Well lad, you need to stop giving this old man midnight scares." Gobber said when the two made it down the last step. Astrid heard Hiccup let out a dry laugh.

"Yeah, it must suck not being a spry young fellow anymore. And just to make you feel even older, I need war advice."

Astrid understood the confused look on the blacksmith's face. Hiccup was acting very strangely; he was more commanding, more Viking. Astrid wasn't entirely sure if she like this change but decided to go along with it.

"And why would you need war advice?" Gobber said. Valka had look on her face like she recognized were Hiccup was going with this.

"We'll be at war soon and I'm never led at war before so I'll need advice on how to do it right."

Astrid heard Hiccup say they were at war last night but she took it as exhaustion talking before he collapsed on the stairs. If Hiccup was telling the truth then Berk was facing a brand new enemy on a whole new front. It's been nearly seventy years since Berk had a war with other Vikings. Astrid hoped that Hiccup was joking but feared that he was being dead honest.

"Chief Stonefist has declared war against Berk and due to the actions Stormrider and I had to take, I believe the other tribes will back him."

Gobber rose to his feet with an angry shout, "Has Stonefist gone insane? He surely knows that he can't take Berk by himself."

"You're not listening Gobber," Valka said, "Stonefist has the backing of the council behind this decision."

"And he needed it." Astrid looked over to the brunette as she spoke up. Instantly she was wary; this girl was staring at Hiccup and Astrid could see a number of devious thoughts pass through her mind.

"When Stonefist attacked our village, he lost a significant amount of warriors before they took us."

Astrid paused to mull over the situation. Stonefist needed the Council's backing for man power. He obviously knew how to fight dragons and their rider otherwise he wouldn't dare to try. If this Stonefist person was coming for Berk then preparations needed to be made. Before she could voice her thought, Hiccup spoke up in a louder voice.

"And am I missing anything Stormrider?"

Astrid, Gobber and Valka looked at each other in confusion but Astrid caught sight of the injured girl's look of abject horror. It wasn't until a voice spoke up were their confusion answered.

"I take it you've already taken into account the acts of treason and betrayal."

Astrid followed the voice up to a horizontal beam up near the roof and froze at the sight before her. The man she was looking at was a lean mean fighting machine. Every exposed piece of skin was pulled tight over the muscle. Dark blue eyes shone playfully underneath blonde hair. Another thing Astrid admired about the man was how not Viking like he was. He wasn't bulky like Snotlout or Eret but every muscle was perfectly proportioned for a warrior. He looked relaxed but Astrid had a feeling he could spring into a fight at a moment's notice. Astrid shook her head; Hiccup owned her heart not this god-like man.

"Of course. It's the only way to explain how your village fell." Hiccup said. He was leaning harder onto Astrid. She looked for signs of pain but she only saw how tired he was. Had the words 'treason' and 'betrayal' not spiked her curiosity, she would have marched Hiccup up to his bed and made him go back to sleep. These were Vikings; things like 'treason' and 'betrayal' were taken very seriously, like put to death serious.

"What do you mean Raknar?" the injured girl asked; her face was a perfect picture of innocent confusion. Astrid looked at the boy and noticed the playfulness was gone and replaced by a murderous fury.

"It's the only reason you made it to the Council hall was because you help Stonefist with a night attack." Stormrider dropped nimbly from the beam and landed silently behind the girl. Astrid noticed the odd placement of his sheathes; the outside of his upper legs. The swords themselves were a little shorter than the average sword but still longer enough to be dangerous. The injured girl backed up rapidly and around the fire place. Hiccup let go of Astrid and moved between the two.

"She still could be of use to us." He said. Astrid watched the war within Stormrider's eyes. He clearly wanted this girl's head and looked like he was going to tear through Hiccup to get to her. Fearing for his life, Astrid placed herself behind Hiccup and put on her most menacing face. Stormrider eyed her slowly; Astrid shivered as she got the feeling that he wasn't sizing her up for a fight.

Hiccup sighed, "How is it that I've known you for barely four hours and I already know what you're thinking."

Stormrider snorted. His eyes left Astrid; leaving her with a strange tingling feeling in her bones. Stormrider stood straight and looked down at the two of them. He walked over to the front door and let in Toothless and a Skrill. The Skrill walked over to Stormrider and laid down with one of its purple eyes watching everything. Toothless sniffed the injured girl and growled at her.

"In reality, Chief Haddock, the only real difference between you and me is our experiences in life; for example the fact that you only had a father to raise you, while I had an abusive uncle who beat my conscious out of me from an early age."

Hiccup looked at Astrid, who returned his shocked gaze. How could he talk about something that would horrify most people so flippantly. Astrid looked at the girl; did she really betray her village or was the boy insane. She would have to trust Hiccup's judgment on this but she would always be prepared for the back stab when it comes.

Hiccup yawned rather loudly. Astrid gave him a light shake to wake him up. Hiccup place his head in his hands and looked at Stormrider through his fingers, "Forge?"

Astrid watched as a slow smile spread across Stormrider's face; this grin reminded her of a small child with a new toy, who just came up with a new game to play.

"I'll be there."

**For all those who are wondering, the injured girl is Helen from the previous chapter but Astrid doesn't know that yet. Hiccup is currently sleep deprived. Anyway come back for more. **

3. Chapter 3- New arrivals

**I do apologize is this chapter is a little confusing but I what I got after ten rewrites and a total brain scrambling goalie work out. Any questions please ask I'm happy to answer. R&R all that jazz. See you later. **

**Prologue **

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE GOT AWAY?!" Stonefist roared as some wench wrapped bandages around his eyes. That Stormrider fellow was a devil in human skin. He was faster than the wind and as ruthless as dragon. He tore through his men with barely a blink and had blinded Stonefist.

"Calm down Stonefist." His partner, Erik, soothed. This man had planned the attack on Stormrider's village and at the Council hall.

"How can I calm down when that stupid rider blinded me? How can I fight if I can't see?"

Stonefist could practically hear him smiling but never felt the knife as it slit his throat.

"_One more annoyance taken care of._"

Berk

Hiccup was taking Stormrider for a tour of the village and left Astrid, Gobber and Valka with the injured girl, who just stared into the fire with a dejected look on her face. Astrid was watching her very carefully, trying to catch a hint of anything other than

dejection. Valka walked over to the girl and put a hand on her shoulder.

"What's wrong, dear?"

If the motherly tone Valka produced surprised her, Astrid was dumbstruck when the girl responded.

"The only person that means anything to me now thinks I'm a traitor and a murderer." Her soft tones replaced the innocent one she used earlier. Her face still looked at the fire but Astrid could see a fine layer of moisture on her eyes. In an instant, Astrid felt horrible; she had believed, if not for a moment, what Hiccup and Stormrider had implied.

"It'll be fine," Valka reassured, "Men may not be the brightest things there are but eventually they can be shown the truth."

"Women too." Gobber said out of nowhere but quickly fell silent under Astrid's and Valka's glare. The girl smiled wistfully and shook her head.

"Raknar isn't like any man or boy you've ever known." This looked that bordered enthralled appeared across the girl's face as she continued her story, "He has this way of moving; it's like a ghost. One moment he there and being the most attentive man you'd ever met but then he's gone."

Astrid could only barely understand what she was talking about. That boy was not one she wanted to meet alone in the dark; Hel, she didn't want to meet him in the dark fully armed and armored.

"Why does this have to do with what the boy thinks?" Gobber asked. The blacksmith was seated near the door and looked near asleep but his question rang a chord of truth; how did his ability to move have anything to do with her infatuation with the boy or what he thought.

"If you ask me, the boy is just trying to see if you are one or not." Gobber half mumbled as he fell asleep. Astrid considered his words. If it was true; it was a truly a brilliant scheme. If she was truly a traitor she would probably do whatever it takes to gain his and the village's trust. Astrid made a mental note to keep a close eye on the girl.

"I sure hope so." She said quietly.

(Point of view change)

Hiccup was really getting annoyed of Stormrider vanishing and reappearing. Hiccup found it was very hard to give a tour when the recipient was only there a third of the time. His very presence easy to distinguish from everything else because whenever he was around, you got a distinct there's-something-very-dangerous-behind-you feeling and then it was gone.

"And this is the dragon arena." As soon as Hiccup said this, Stormrider stepped up beside him and gave it a critical once over. Hiccup was secretly very proud of this arena. He had some fond and horrible memories here. Like almost being eaten by a Monstrous

Nightmare, blasted by a Gronkle and speared by a Deadly Nadder.

"_Maybe I need some new memories here."_

Hiccup watched Stormrider walk around the place. He looked like someone who had found a new hidey hole. Hiccup wondered why Stormrider stuck close to the walls.

"So tell me Stormrider, how did your village react to you be friendly to dragons?" Stormrider's answer was quick and simple.

"Like Vikings."

Hiccup chuckled. He knew how Vikings would handle such knowledge. Storming the nest, disturbing the queen and all the thing that entitled.

"Did you save them?" Hiccup wondered if his life played out for this chief as well. If it did, then maybe Stormrider wasn't the killer he seemed. Stormrider turned to look at him with a sinister grin.

"By myself, I slaughtered half of the army that attacked the nest."

Okay, maybe Hiccup shouldn't hope to much on the similarity scale. Hiccup subtly moved so there was a couple barrels between him and Stormrider.

"Why would you kill your own people?"

Stormrider snorted, "My own people? I ran away when I was seven because I got tired of being my uncle's personal beating bag and spent another seven years living with dragons. They were my first family. If I had to go back; I would do it all again."

Hiccup was shocked. His own mother had lived among dragons for twenty but she was still human. Unlike this boy; he seemed only to be human in appearance.

"Are you a threat to my village?" Hiccup asked. He had to place the safety of his people first and if this guy was a threat; Hiccup wasn't entirely sure his could get rid of him. Stormrider sighed and shook his head.

"I swear by the Gods that I will do no harm to this village or its people."

Hiccup was only marginally comforted by his vow but didn't have time to think about it because a massive shadow blocked the sun. Hiccup looked up at the massive moving mass of dragons as it descended onto the dragon arena.

"Chief Haddock, I'd like you to meet my family." Stormrider said and Hiccup saw him truly smile for the first time. Stormrider was now completely relaxed; when he was in Hiccup's house or in sight, Stormrider looked relaxed but he was ready to spring at any and everyone should they attack. Now he looked like he was just waking up from a good dream. That is until he was tackled to the ground by a large group of Terrible Terrors.

Hiccup burst out laughing. That was the funniest thing he had seen all week. There was a nudge on his hip and Hiccup placed one hand on Toothless' head while the other was wrapped around his stomach from laughing to hard.

All the other dragons blasted a hole through the chain roof so they could land around Stormrider. All of Berk's dragons had sense if not heard the arrival of new dragons and flew over to check out the newcomers.

Toothless went first; approaching slowly. A small white dragon broke off from the group and walked up to Toothless. Only a few feet from each, Toothless and the smaller dragon circled each other.

Hiccup let go a breathe he didn't realize he was holding. For some reason, the air surrounding the two dragons was filled with tension and suspense. This was utterly shatter when a hand popped out of the pile of dragons, made a mouth and talked.

"I'm sure you're having a great time watching Rex but I do need help here."

Hiccup made a face, walked over to Stormrider, grabbed his hand and pulled him out. His shirt was ripped in multiple places and there was a bite mark on his wrist

"You have no idea how painful it is in there." Stormrider said as he patted himself, making sure all his limbs were still intact.

"By the Gods, what is this?" Astrid gasped as she, Snotlout, Fishlegs, the twins, Gobber and Valka raced to the Arena.

"That is a lot of dragons." Ruffnut said. Stormrider chuckled as he looked at the massive gathering of dragons. Hiccup about half were one that just arrived while the other was those already resident to Berk.

"_Venit." _He said randomly. All of his dragons sat in a circle with him in the middle.

"Now then. Chief Haddock, I do believe it's time we talk war." Stormrider said with the white dragon on his shoulder.

Hiccup smiled as he stood with the gang at his back. At that moment he felt no matter what happened they would make it through to see the sun the next day and by the looks of it; nothing was going to stop them.

4. Chapter 4-Questionable sanity

Evening everyone. Very important question for you all. Have now seen most of the tv episodes of both series and have a couple character that have a potential in this story but I'm torn. Should I keep this strictly movies or should I thrown in some of the tv franchise. Up to you. Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD just some OCs. Review and enjoy.

**Prologue **

Erik looked at the map of Berk that was laid out before him. His focus was on the island a few miles east of his target. It was big enough to hold a sufficient force to weaken Berk to its knee for the decapitating blow his elite warriors will deliver. All he needed was his source to draw Haddock's warriors away from the back beach.

"We will have Berk." He snickered. The days of Viking were coming to an end.

"Are you sure about that?" Erik looked up at the face of his one armed father.

"Drago, why do you questions my skill when your own failed?"

His one good hand shot out and wrapped around Erik's throat, "You're a puny whelp that about as useful as horse dung."

Erik shook his head. His father put him down and as soon as his feet were solidly on the ground; Erik rammed his knee into Drago's groin. The one armed man dropped to the ground with a grunt. Erik grabbed his father by his neck and threw him onto the table. Grabbing a stray knife, Erik slammed the blade into the table, right next to his father's ear.

"I will not tolerate insubordination in a one-armed failure, who couldn't kill a mere boy with a crippled dragon." He snarled. Drago's eyes widened at the sudden burst of anger and power. Erik took a deep breath to cull his anger. Drago seeing the warning in his son's eye, quickly limped out of the great hall

"_In a week, I will bring the Vikings to an end and start of an era that will rival that of the Gods themselves."_

****Berk****

"Chief Haddock, I do believe it's time to talk war."

Those were the words that had kept Hiccup from his bed for three days. Hiccup trudged through his village, with Toothless not far behind him. He turned; headed towards the forge for the meeting Stormrider and he had set up. As he entered and headed to his little office, Hiccup noticed that Rex was sleeping on one of the work tables. Storm was curled up in a corner watching him and Toothless with those purple/yellow eyes of his.

"Toothless. Stay." Hiccup said as he walked into his office. Stormrider was looking over some of his ideas that he hadn't been able to work on. Hiccup sat down and began to massage the muscles around his peg leg; knowing full well that the pain was a mental thing because of his anxiety and doubt.

"Stonefist is dead." Stormrider said out of nowhere. Hiccup continued as if he hadn't heard for a couple seconds before he shot to his feet.

"How? why? What happened?" this knowledge put some hope in Hiccup; if the figurehead was down then maybe the council would not send its army to Berk.

"Erik Bludfist has effectively taken over the council by blaming the death of Stonefist on me and is leading a force of a hundred thousand men to the northern shore of Berk after launching a night attack three days from now."

Hiccup was still processing the seven words of Stormrider's update. The others black haired man had killed Stonefist and was planning to annihilate Berk in one fell blow. Hiccup started pacing, pain in his leg completely forgotten. Three days was not nearly enough for Hiccup to prepare a suitable—what was he thinking; a hundred thousand men were going to attack. Not even if every man, woman and child would fight, the force Hiccup could muster would be pathetically prepared for the overwhelming odds.

"How am I gonna pull this off?" Hiccup mumbled to himself. Panic was starting to creep into his mind; the only thing passing through his mind was the dead face of his village. A firm hand clamped down on Hiccup's shoulder, spinning him to face of a very annoyed Stormrider.

"Easily; now get a hold of yourself." His voice rumbled in a low octave. Hiccup swallowed and pushed his panic out and stepped away from the other chief.

"Explain how this will be easy." Hiccup demanded as his sanity returned. A very evil looking smile spread across Stormrider's face.

"Water."

Hiccup just stared at him, "water?" he repeated. Stormrider nodded. A snort escaped Hiccup; which was soon followed by uncontrollable laughter. Did this fool really think that water would stop a force of a hundred thousand men? Hiccup tripped and landed on his butt as he continued to laugh rather loudly. Suddenly the question of how did Stormrider know this, popped into Hiccup's head. Stopping mid laugh, Hiccup looked up at Stormrider.

"How do you know this?" Again that evil smile appeared. Hiccup once again began to wonder if letting this man help with Berk's defense was such a good idea. While he was very adept in tactics and gives off the whole most-dangerous-thing-you'll-ever-meet vibe; Hiccup could not ever get a feel for how his mind works. Stormrider walked out of Hiccup's office with a wave of his hand.

"You should be glad, Chief Haddock."

Hiccup grabbed the edge of his work table and pulled himself up and followed him. Toothless gave him a confused look as Rex and Storm fell behind Stormrider. Shrugging at Toothless, Hiccup did his best to sate his curiosity.

"Why should I be happy?"

Stormrider looked over his shoulder at him, "Because you now have two days of rest and relaxation. I'm sure your girl will enjoy some time with you."

Hiccup was lost; how did this mean he got a couple days of nothing ahead. Not that he was entirely complaining but still he needed to

know.

"What happens on the third day?" the look he received sent numerous chills down his spine. Those eyes didn't belong to an ordinary person; eyes like those who fight for the joy of the kill.

"We bring the fight to them."

Hiccup was even more lost than before. While a sneak attack even the odds a little but Berk was severely low on manpower.

"How?" he asked; not wanting to know the answer. Stormrider scratched Rex under his chin.

"Water."

Completely giving up on the subject, Hiccup bade Stormrider goodnight and went home to enjoy many hours of dreamless sleep.

(point of view change)

Astrid stepped out of her house feeling refreshed. It had been a long and grueling three days for her; long lectures about battle tactics and strategies. Astrid normally would have somewhat excited for this kind thing had she not already knew it by heart. Not to mention, Snotlout's constant complaining fiasco.

"Good morning Astrid." Valka called as she walked by. Returning her greeting, Astrid began her way to the arena for her morning workout. Hiccup usually joined her for the dragon riding section of her workout but she figured he'd sleep out all his work from the past three days and nights. She walked across the rope bridge to the arena when she noticed the multitude of dragons all over the chains of the arena, firing of blasts of fire randomly. Fearing that one of the children was trapped and being toyed with; Astrid bolted to the gates, threw them open and stumbled.

Stormrider was in the middle of a very intricate dance. Astrid watched, enthralled by how he twirled, ducked and flipped out of the way of multiple fireballs. His hands were tied behind his back and he was blind-folded, but he moved gracefully out of harm's way every.

"Beautiful isn't it." The voice of Helen broke Astrid from her reverie. Dress in a tight shirt and pants, Astrid noted how incredibly fast this girl had recovered from her wounds. She had complete use of her arm and her abdomen was nearly healed. She hadn't said a word other than the polite usual's since the morning after she arrived though she had taken a quick liking to Gobber and his forge and could usually be found helping the old man. Astrid turned her attention back to the death-defying dance before her and had to agree with her. The fluidity of his movement and the complete confidence that each of his actions held. Something brushed against the top of Astrid's head; in response, she quickly looked up at the roof of the small tunnel she was in. Helen chuckled as Astrid jerked her head around.

"the best way to disrupt this dance is to change the rhythm."

The hiss of dragons and the scraping of steel filled the air as

Astrid began to question the sanity of these two.

End
file.